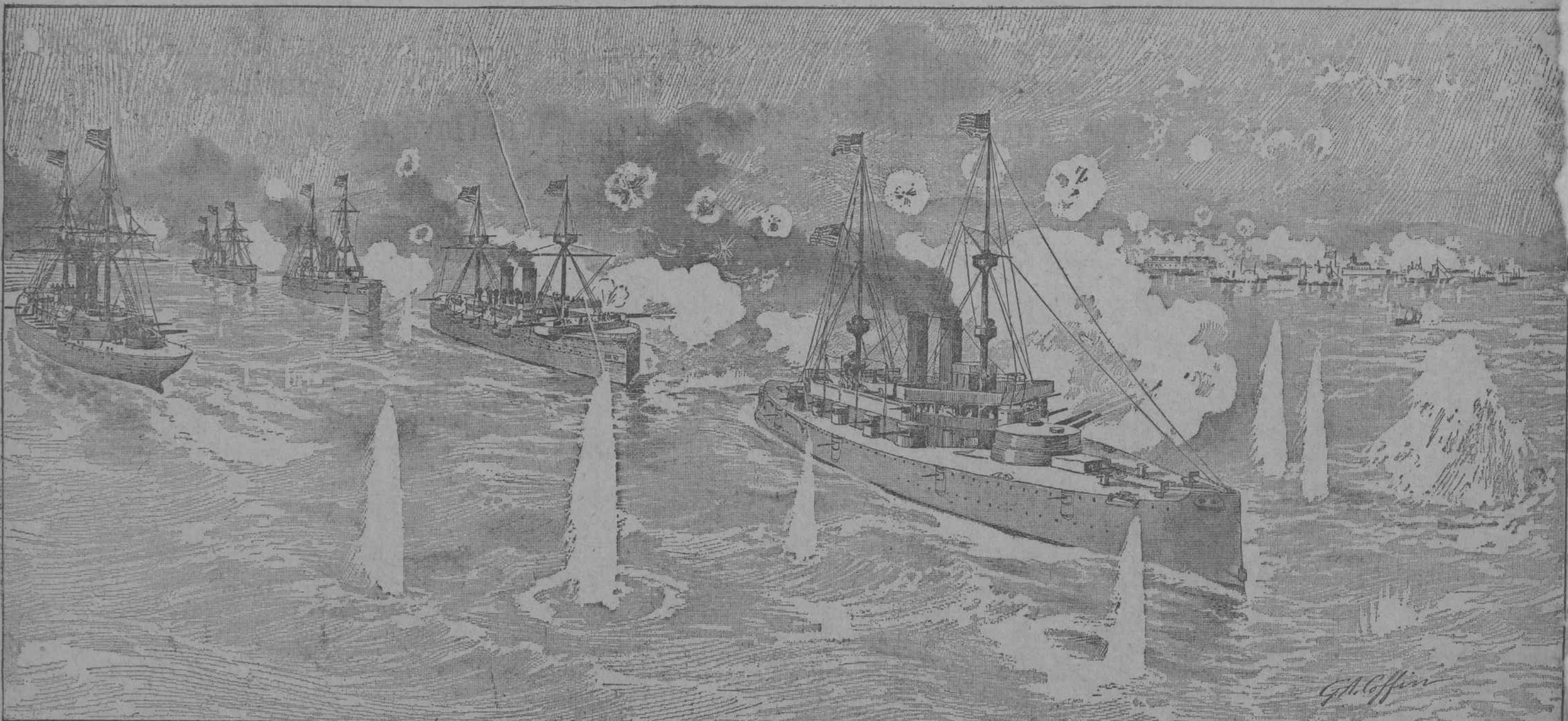


# 100,000,000 GRATEFUL PEOPLE HAIL TO-MORROW AS "DEWEY DAY."



## BATTLE OF MANILA BAY AS DESCRIBED BY DEWEY HIMSELF.

[Being His Official Report of the Engagement.]

THE squadron left Mirs Bay on April 27. Arrived off Bolinao on the morning of April 30, and finding no vessels there, proceeded down the coast and arrived off the entrance to Manila Bay on the same afternoon. The Boston and Concord were sent to reconnoitre Port Subic. A thorough search of the port was made by the Boston and the Concord, but the Spanish fleet was not found.

Entered the south channel at 11:30 p. m., steaming in column at eight knots. After half the squadron had passed, a battery on the south side of the channel opened fire, none of the shots taking effect. The Boston and McCulloch returned the fire.

The squadron proceeded across the bay at slow speed and arrived off Manila at day-break and was fired upon at 5:15 a. m. by three batteries at Manila and two near Cavite, and by the Spanish fleet anchored in an approximately east and west line across the mouth of Baker Bay, with their left in shoal water in Canacao Bay.

The squadron then proceeded to the attack, the flagship Olympia, under my personal direction, leading, followed at distance by the Baltimore, Raleigh, Petrel, Concord and Boston, in the order named, which formation was maintained throughout the action.

The squadron opened fire at 5:41 a. m. While advancing to the attack two mines were exploded ahead of the flagship, too far to be effective. The squadron maintained a continuous and precise fire, at ranges varying from 5,000 to 2,000 yards, counter-marching

in a line approximately parallel to that of the Spanish fleet. The enemy's fire was vigorous but generally ineffective.

Early in the engagement two launches put out toward the Olympia with the apparent intention of using torpedoes. One was sunk and the other disabled by our fire and beached before an opportunity occurred to fire torpedoes.

At 7 a. m. the Spanish flagship Reina Christina made a desperate attempt to leave the line and come out to engage at short range, but was received with such galling fire, the entire battery of the Olympia being concentrated upon her, that she was barely able to return to the shelter of the point.

The fires started in her by our shell at this time were not extinguished until she sank. The three batteries at Manila had kept up a continuous report from the beginning of the engagement, which fire was not returned by this squadron. The first of these batteries was situated on the south mole head, at the entrance to the Pasig River; the second on the south bastion of the walled city of Manila and the third at Malate, about one-half mile further south.

At this point I sent a message to the Governor-General to the effect that if the batteries did not cease firing the city would be shelled. This had the effect of silencing them.

At 7:35 a. m. I ceased firing and withdrew the squadron for breakfast. At 11:10 a. m. re-

turned to the attack. By this time the Spanish flagship and almost the entire Spanish fleet were in flames. At 12:30 p. m. the squadron ceased firing, the batteries being silenced and the ships sunk, burnt and deserted. At 12:40 p. m. the squadron returned and anchored off Manila, the Petrel being left behind to complete the destruction of the smaller gunboats, which were behind the point of Cavite.

This duty was performed by Commander E. P. Wood in the most expeditious and complete manner possible. The Spanish lost the following vessels: Sunk—Reina Christina, Castilla, Don Antonio de Ulloa; burnt—Don Juan de Austria, Isle de Luzon, Isle de Cuba, General Lezo, Marquis del Duero, El Correo Velasco and Isla de Mindanao (transport); captured—Rapido and Hercules (tugs) and several small launches.

I am unable to obtain complete accounts of the enemy's killed and wounded, but believe their losses to be very heavy. The Reina Christina alone had one hundred and fifty killed, including the captain, and ninety wounded. I am happy to report that the damage done to the squadron under my command was inconsiderable. There were none killed and only seven men in the squadron slightly wounded.

Several of the vessels were struck and even penetrated, but the damage was of the slightest, and the squadron is in as good condition now as before the battle.

I beg to state to the department that I doubt if any commander-in-chief was ever served by more loyal, efficient and gallant captains than those of the squadron now under my command.

He wrapped it up in a bandana handkerchief and took it to Washington, where he easily displayed it to Mahlon Dickerson, Secretary of the Navy.

Of course, the Secretary was furious and asked the President what punishment ought to be meted out to the culprit, but when Jackson saw the hand, he only laughed and said, "That is the most infernal graven image I ever saw. This fellow, Dewey did perfectly right. Just give him a kick and my compliments and tell him to saw off some more."

IV. Admiral Dewey was born in 1837, in Montpelier, Vermont. His father was Julius Y. Dewey, a physician of Montpelier, and one of the founders of the National Life Insurance Company. He was a fine, dignified specimen of an old-school New England gentleman, very scrupulous about small things. He was one of the first communicants of Christ Episcopal Church in Montpelier.

George Dewey's mother died when he was five years old. His inseparable companion and closest confidante from infancy was his sister, now Mrs. Mary E. Greeley, of Montpelier.

"George was always my hero," she said, not long ago. "Even in childhood I thought there was no one in the world like him. We used to sit on father's knee and George and father and I would join in a plaintive little song that George was never tired of singing. It was something like this: 'In a little blue garment all ragged and torn, With scarce any shoes to his feet, A boy cheerless sat, and, as travelers passed, With a look that might avarice bar, 'Have pity,' he cried, 'lick your bounteous hand.' On a poor little child of a tar.'"

"It's only a bit of silly doggerel, I know, but I've seen the tears streaming down

George's face as he sang it. Almost from the time he could talk, his hopes, his ambitions, his whole life were the sea."

V. Like Nelson and Lord Clive, George Dewey was a very bad boy at school. He used to be known in Montpelier as "That naughty Dewey boy." He was a recognized leader among the boys of his age in the town.

He could stay under the water of the Winooski River longer than any of them. He could skate and swim and run as no other boy in Montpelier could. But at the little old district school where he learned to read and write and multiply he was a thorn in the flesh of any one who had the misfortune to try to teach him. Teacher after teacher left the school in disgust. "That Dewey boy runs the school," was the complaint of all of them.

But the Dewey boy found his match and his master at last in Z. Pangborn, who is now prominent in the politics of New Jersey. Here is his own story of the way he mastered Dewey: "In 1848," said Major Pangborn, "I was in the junior class at Vermont University. I was a slender young man of nineteen. Like most of the students, I was under the necessity of teaching during vacations in order to make enough money to pay my expenses through college. The position of teacher in the Montpelier State street school was vacant at the time, and I secured the appointment."

"George Dewey did not see fit to return to the afternoon session of the school after the noon recess. When I sent for him he returned answer that 'I might go to the devil.' Later he climbed up into the cupola of the old State House and pelted the younger children with hard snow balls. 'I provided myself with a heavy rawhide and called young Dewey up before the whole school the next morning. I demanded an apology for his conduct. He gave me a defiant answer, and I laid it on with the rawhide. 'He fell in a heap on the floor, com-

pletely conquered, crying as any boy would under such a surprise and hurt."

"I escorted George home to his father that day. He looked at the rawhide and at the cuts on his son's face. 'Well, Mr. Pangborn,' he said, sternly, 'I don't care what you've done, if you've only made him mind you.'"

And George Dewey did mind after that. At a meeting many years afterward with his former teacher and disciplinarian he said: "That rawhide came just at the right time. It made a man of me."

VI. One day George Dewey and a farmer named William Redfield were driving home over a road that led across a swollen stream. Redfield told Dewey that the water was too high to be safely crossed.

"What man has done before, man can do again," was Dewey's reply.

The future Admiral climbed out on the horse's back and finally succeeded in reaching the other bank after narrowly escaping drowning.

The Norwich Military Academy was the successor to the State street school. Here George learned the manual of arms and prepared for the Naval Academy, the one goal on which all his boyish hopes were centered. Through the influence of Senator Foote, of Vermont, he was appointed to Annapolis in 1854.

Admiral Bunch, who was a classmate of Dewey's at Annapolis, in these words described Dewey's career there: "He was not what you may call a student, but he was one of the bright men. He stood neither at the head nor the foot of his class, but just about the middle,

### "DEWEY'S FAME SECURE"---ASSISTANT SECRETARY ALLEN.

The department fully appreciates the esteem in which Admiral Dewey is held. His fame is secure. A patriotic recognition of his work and of the officers and men under his command will commend itself to all.—Charles H. Allen, Assistant Secretary of the Navy.

### "TIME ALONE WILL FIX HIS PLACE"---REAR ADMIRAL M'NAIR.

To the Editor of the Journal: I stand ready to join any movement in honor of Admiral Dewey's brilliant victory. Time alone will show his really great place in history. FREDERICK V. M'NAIR, Rear Admiral, U. S. Navy.

### "MAKE THE DAY A NATIONAL HOLIDAY"---ADMIRAL PHILIP.

To the Editor of the Journal: I think that hereafter May 1 should be known as Dewey Day, and then, in years to come, when the country has, unfortunately, lost our Admiral, then make it a national holiday. J. W. PHILIP, Rear Admiral, U. S. Navy.

### "NEVER YET FAILED TO SHOW SUPERB QUALITIES"---O'NEILL.

Nothing any friend of Admiral Dewey's can say will have any weight with the American people. We cannot add to or detract from the fame of the hero of Manila Bay. He has been tried in various capacities, and never yet failed to show the superb qualities which to-day make him the most conspicuous figure in naval history.—Admiral O'Neill, Chief of the Bureau of Ordnance in the Navy Department.



Dewey's Son George.

is reckless sometimes," the old Governor once remarked, "but, hang it all, I like his grit. He'll be heard from some day." The great sorrow of George Dewey's life came in 1872. While on his first cruise on the European station as commander of a ship, news came that a son had been born to him. Five days later Dewey received the saddest cable message of his life. It told him that his wife was dead. For a long time Dewey was inconsolable. More than one of his friends thought his career had ended with the telegram announcing his wife's death. His son, who is now in New York, was named George Goodwin Dewey, in honor of his father.

There is no doubt that Dewey was in many ways a changed man after his wife's death. A great deal of the recklessness and daredevilry disappeared. The dash, the bravery were there, as of old, but in addition there were dignity and self-control that had never been observed before.

IX. From 1872 to 1876 he superintended the Pacific Coast survey. He was made a captain in 1884 and chief of the Bureau of Equipment and Recruiting in 1889. From that time up to 1897, the greater part of his time was spent in Washington.

No one in all Washington was more sought after in clubs or a greater favorite in society than the quiet, kindly, gentle man of the world, George Dewey. He had a suite of apartments in the Metropolitan Club in Washington, and was for years a member of its House Committee. He was scrupulous in his attention to dress. He is always fond of a good cigar and a good story.

When at last, in 1897, he was ordered to sea again as Commander of the Asiatic Squadron, Colonel Archibald Hopkins proposed the toast, which became a famous prophecy, at a dinner given Dewey by his old friends at the Metropolitan Club:

Fill all your glasses full to-night; The wind is off the shore, And be it feast or be it fight, We pledge the Commodore.

Through days of storm, through days of calm, On board Pacific coast At anchor off the Isle of Palma Or with the Japanese.

Ashore, afloat, on deck, below, Or where our holidays pass, To sack a friend or breast a foe, We pledge the Commodore.

We know our honor'll be unstained Wherever his pennant flies, Our rights respected and maintained Whatever power delves.

And when he takes the shoreward tack, Beneath an Admiral's flag,

We'll hail the day that brings him back, And have another Jax.

To-day seventy millions of Americans repeat the toast; only it is not Commodore now. It is Admiral George Dewey we pledge to-day.

Woman a Cyclist at 93. An aged widow near Dunmow is probably the oldest living cyclist. She was born ninety-three years ago, and recently bought a bicycle, on which she journeys frequently to and from the village for her shopping and visiting. She informs inquirers that she feels better for the exercise, and regrets that Mr. Gladstone had not taken to cycling.—Birmingham Post.

Much to Be Thankful for. "Whenever I look at my wife," said the husband of the celebrated fattest woman on earth, "I feel that I have a great deal to be thankful for."—Chicago Tribune.

### RUNNINGSORE

Solid Sore from Knee to Instep. Thought have to be Amputated. Walked with Crutch. Almost Wild with Pain.

Physician Said "Never could be Cured." Tries CUTICURA. Sleep after First Application. Cured in Eight Weeks.

I was afflicted with a terrible sore leg, caused by a cut. It became so inflamed that it was thought it would have to be amputated. My physician said that "it could never be cured, that it would remain a running sore on account of the poisonous state of my blood." When I got out of bed I could hardly stand the pain, and had to get along with a crutch. I tried all kinds of blood and other medicines without success, my leg getting worse until it became a solid sore from my knee to instep. Utterly discouraged and almost wild with pain, I gave up in despair, making up my mind that death would be a sweet relief. Casually picking up an old paper, I noticed the description of a man who had been cured by CUTICURA remedies, afflicted like myself. I immediately procured the CUTICURA Remedies, CUTICURA Soap and CUTICURA Ointment. The first application of CUTICURA Ointment, after carefully washing my leg with warm water and plenty of the CUTICURA Soap, gave me so much relief that I was able to sleep one-half of the night, and after the third day I rested well every night. I went on improving, and in exactly eight weeks from the time I began the use of CUTICURA remedies I was able to return to my trade (carpentering), well and sound.

Aug. 19, 1898. 100 W. Hunter St., Atlanta, Ga.

### CUTICURA

Begins with the Blood and Ends with The Skin and Scalp.

That is to say it purifies the blood and eliminates all of its impurities, and thus removes the cause, while warm baths with CUTICURA Soap, and gentle anodyne liniments, CUTICURA Ointment, and scalp of emollient skin cures, cleanse the skin, scalp and blood, and allay itching, burning, and inflammation, soothe and heal. The best physicians and all other remedies fail. Sold throughout the world. Forgive D. and C. Co., Sole Proprietors, Boston. "How to Cure Every Humour," the

BABY'S SKIN SCALP AND HAIR Restored by CUTICURA SOAP.



CE AT MONTPELIER, VT.



The Dewey Coat-of-Arms.

and everybody knew that he had the ability to stand anywhere he wanted to."

### VII.

He graduated in 1858, and his public career since then is found in the books of the Navy Department. As a lieutenant he was detailed to the Mississippi, one of Farragut's fleet in the West Gulf squadron. The Mississippi took part in the